

Oregon Corn Fed Turkeys

We have made arrangements to have extra choice turkeys this year—Every turkey will be



selected with the greatest of care, so by placing your order with us NOW you will insure yourself the best the market affords.

A. V. ALLEN

Phones 711, 3871.

Sole Agent for

H. C. FRY CUT GLASS

Branch U. T. 71

UMBRELLA RACKET WILL BE KEPT GOING

STATEMENT MADE YESTERDAY BY A PROMINENT CITIZEN.

In an interview, yesterday, with a prominent citizen, who, with his wife, was a loser in the "umbrella" racket at the Philharmonic concert on Tuesday evening last, and who proposes to follow up the lost shower-sticks until he locates and regains them, no matter who has them, he delivered himself, forcefully, as follows:

"There seems to be a good bit of resentment against the management of the Philharmonic concert on account of the umbrellas that were lost there the other evening. People took their best 'Shower Sticks' on the strength of the advertisement in the papers, that all umbrellas would be checked and taken care of.

"For the same reason, quite a number of persons who could not get near the check-rack, on account of the confusion, and did not care to get crushed, nor stay until the wee hours of the morning trying to get their umbrellas, left them, and held the checks, thinking that the umbrellas would be taken care of, and that they could present the checks the next morning when there was less danger, and get their property. But, woe came unto all the unlucky persons who did this. They are out their good umbrellas and have a grudge against the management of the concert, the A. A. A. committee, and swear vengeance against the persons who took their property. At least two owners have sworn to watch every umbrella that appears on the street or at any public place, until they find the guilty persons who now hold them, unless their umbrellas are left at Whitman's."

LETTER FROM FORTY-NINER.

Could Not Obtain Relief From Catarrh Until He Had Used Hyomei

Here is a simple, interesting and sincere letter from a rugged pioneer of '49, who braved the dangers and hardships of the overland trail to California. Surely the sincerity of this letter should surely appeal to those who desire to escape the bondage in which they are now held by that ruthless and most powerful wrecker of health and happiness: Catarrh.

Santa Jose, Cal., May 5, 1908.

Booth's Hyomei Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—Some years ago I was afflicted with catarrh, and tried a number of remedies, but received no relief. I was told by a friend who had been using your Hyomei, and thought I would receive a great benefit and perhaps a cure. I purchased an outfit, and before I had used the bottle I noted a marked relief.

I used it for a month or so, and thought I was cured, and stopped using it for a year or so. Thought I was getting catarrh again, and started using it again, and I keep it in the house and use it every morning once a day, and keep myself clear of catarrh. I consider it the best catarrh medicine that is used. I have often recommended it to my friends. I am 81 years old. I came to California in 1849, and of course am not as vigorous as I was 58 years ago. My address is 841 Fourth street. Yours truly, W. Mock.

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-mei) is guaranteed by T. F. Laurin not only for catarrh, but for grip, coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup of infants, asthma, and all diseases of the nose, throat and lungs. A complete outfit, including inhaler, costs only \$1.00; extra bottles of Hyomei afterwards needed cost but 50 cents. Ask T. F. Laurin about it.

The Proving.

By GRANT OWEN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I don't just know how to explain it," said Margaret West.

She turned her eyes from the cool, blue stretches of the lake and looked thoughtfully at Graham, who, perched on the rail of the boathouse, was absently pulling at the fingers of the gauntlets in his hands.

The young man stiffened, and a slow smile, in which there was a hint of grimace, curved the corners of his mouth.

"I rather think I understand," he said quietly. "You are disappointed in me. Isn't that it?"

She was silent for a moment.

"Yes, that is it," she said at length, and at something in her voice his face hardened.

"Then you wanted me to enter that road race Thursday?" he asked.

"Yes," she said simply.

"And because I won't?"

She turned to him quickly.

"It isn't that I'm tremendously interested in that race," she interrupted him, "nor that I care a snap whether or not you win it. The point is—the point is—"

She paused; her brows drew together in a little frown; her fingers toyed nervously with a bit of wisteria she had broken from the vine that covered the porch.

"I wanted you to be in it—to go over the course. That would be sufficient," she finished.

"I see," he said. "You wanted me to disprove those stories that are going the rounds about my lack of nerve. Is that it?"

"Yes," she said again.

He drew himself up. His shoulders were squared. His attitude was that of a man summoning to his aid all his moral courage.

"The stories they have told you are quite correct," he said, somewhat huskily.

"Oh!" she said, and in her voice there was something of pain and something, too, of weariness, as if she had been expecting this very thing, and yet was unwilling, even in her preparedness, to hear it.

"They are perfectly right in what they say of me," he went on calmly. "I have lost my nerve. There's nothing would tempt me to take up road racing again."

"Nothing?" she questioned.

"Nothing," he repeated inexorably.

"I am not in the habit of offering an explanation nor any excuses for my position in the matter. But I would like you to know the circumstances. Would you care to listen to them?"

"If you choose to tell me," she said dully.

"You remember that race three years ago over the Meadow Island course?"

She said he. "Well, it was then it happened. Stanley was with me. He and I had a good lead. We were tearing past the curve at the old church, letting out the car for all there was in her. As we swung that turn I saw a child just in front of us not twenty feet away, it seemed.

"How she got past the ropes that held the crowd back I can't say, but there she was right in the course and not a ghost of a show apparently of escaping us. I don't know to this day what saved her. I only know there was a great gasping sigh from Stanley and a groan from the crowd. I tried to swing out for her, but there was so little time. Anyway, it was some sort of a special Providence that saved her. We shot past her, so close that I shunt my eyes."

The girl saw a nervous tremor shake the big shoulders. Her eyes narrowed.

"But the child wasn't hurt, you say?"

She asked.

"Not in the least. But those few seconds were enough for me. I couldn't stand them again. That is why I am out of the game—a quitter, if you choose to put it that way."

The girl said nothing. She sat looking out at the sparkling lake with troubled eyes.

At length Graham arose.

"I don't blame you in the least for thinking of me as you do," said he, "nor for being disappointed. Goodbye."

He slid from the rail and went down the steps to the big road car standing in the driveway. He had pulled on his gauntlets and was just climbing into

the car when around the corner of the boathouse came a wild-eyed, disheveled gardener from one of the houses down the street.

"Mr. Graham, sir," he panted, "will you be gettin' the doctor, quick! Tim Conley's fell from the stagin' on the stables where they're paintin' an' he's hurted bad, sir. 'Tis dead he'll be in ten minutes if the doctor's not fetched before that. Hurry! For God's sake, hurry!"

"I'll have him here in five," Graham called, and opened up the big car. It sprang forward like a thing alive and went tearing down the driveway in a great cloud of dust.

Margaret, who had run to the edge of the veranda, saw him swing into the roadway beyond, and the drifting dust which rose high above the poplars told of the terrific pace he was setting.

It was four minutes later, after a nervous pacing of the veranda, that she heard the whirr of the approaching car again. She ran down the steps and hurried along the drive to the roadway. Up the hill, with honking horn, came a dull, black streak. She could see Graham bending low over

the steering wheel and the doctor, hatless and begrimed with dust, clinging desperately to the seat beside him.

Then out of the crossroad just below where she stood and directly in the path of the coming cyclone came a rattling farm wagon, driven by old Mrs. Clark, who was as deaf as a post. The girl covered her eyes and screamed. There were a wild yell, the sound of splintered wood and a terrific grinding crash.

When Margaret looked again the wagon alone was in the road. The automobile, turned on its side, lay against the shattered fence. In the field beyond lay two huddled figures.

In a moment the girl was running in that direction with all the speed she could summon. As she reached the scene of the accident one of the two figures scrambled limply to his feet. The other painfully propped himself upon an elbow. Then she saw that the man who stood erect was the doctor.

Even as she came running into the field she heard Graham's voice, rather faint, it is true, but perfectly calm.

"How badly are you hurt, doc?" It inquired.

"Only a bit," was the response, "a few bruises and a scratch or two."

"Then get up to the Copley place as fast as you can."

"But you?" the doctor demurred.

"I'm all right. Never mind me. I'll be fresh as a lark when you get back. Hurry on now."

Margaret ran to his side and, kneeling down, began to wipe the blood from his face. Already the doctor was making a hurried examination, while Graham fumed and fretted and bade him hurry to Tim Conley.

"H'm," said the doctor at length. "Pretty badly smashed up, but we're lucky, both of us, to get out of it as well as we did. Talk about your nerve! By Jove, the way he swung that car out of the way was magnificent. Never a thought for himself nor me either. I'm convinced," he ended.

He pulled a roll of bandages from his case and handed them to the girl. "Just do up his head and stop the flow of blood as best you can, if you will, Miss West," he commanded. "I'll go up to Copley's and fix Tim up. Then I'll come back here and set Graham's fractures."

He went limping up the road, and the girl bent closer to Graham.

"It was splendid!" she cried, her eyes shining.

"That?" said Graham. "Oh, that was nothing. I had to do that, you see. It was a question of killing the old lady or getting a bit banged up myself."

Her face was very close to his. Something warm and moist struck his cheek.

"Those wicked stories they told about you!" she began.

"They're true," he declared. "I have lost my nerve. I couldn't go into a road race to save my life. This was different, you see. This was something that had to be done."

Two warm lips were pressed to his grimy, blood-stained forehead.

"Had to be done!" she repeated meaningfully. "Oh, you delicious simpleton!"

The doctor, limping back a few moments later, discreetly screened himself behind a tree.

"There are times it is better to wait before reducing fractures," he meditated.

Chair Hitching.

"The chair hitcher," says a business man, "is the greatest nuisance that an office man is compelled to endure."

"The hitcher is always deeply interested in the matter he has come to talk over, and the more he talks the closer he draws his chair, and with every additional point he makes he gives his chair another hunch in your direction, and by the time he has fairly entered on his subject he has his feet on the rounds of your chair, his elbow on your desk and is dropping the ashes from his cigar on your coat sleeve. It would be just as easy for him to make his speech or preach his sermon three or four feet away. Why he never learns that fact and damages his own cause by dragging his chair over your carpet and pulling his breeches in your face."

"I know one office man in town who got so tired of having cigar ashes on his clothes and smoke poured into his face that he called a carpenter, took the rollers off one chair, placed it in a convenient position at the end of his desk, then had the man nail it to the floor. But it didn't do a particle of good. The first hitcher that came in was a big, strong 200 pounder, who began his talk and, growing earnest, just pulled the chair up by the roots, dragged it toward the desk and never noticed that anything was wrong."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

RHEUMATISM EASILY CURED NOW

SIMPLE RHEUMATISM MIXTURE—GET THE INGREDIENTS FROM THE DRUG STORE AND MIX THEM YOURSELF AT HOME.

Recent hospital reports show that the dread disease, rheumatism, is steadily increasing throughout the country. All known means of relief are being suggested to save the great amount of suffering this winter, especially among those who are not in a position to pack up and visit the noted health resorts to be treated. Recent tests prove rheumatism not exactly a disease in itself, but a severe symptom of kidney trouble, a condition caused by clogged up pores of the eliminative tissues in the kidneys which fail to filter the poisonous waste matter and uric acid from the blood, permitting these substances to remain in the veins and decompose, usually settling about the joints and muscles, causing the intense pain, swelling and stiffness of rheumatism.

The following simple home treatment will cure Rheumatism and is harmless and inexpensive, and so simple that anybody can mix it at home.

The ingredients are: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Go to any good prescription pharmacy and get these three harmless ingredients and mix them by shaking in a bottle, taking as a dose a teaspoonful after each meal and again at bedtime.

There is nothing better in the world for backache, kidney and bladder trouble, too. Such symptoms as frequent and painful urination, soreness, weakness, general and nervous debility are caused by certain acids and poisonous waste matter, decayed tissue, etc., in the blood, which the kidneys will clear and purify after a few doses of this prescription.

HUGE STADIUM WANTED.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 19.—Inability to seat many of the undergraduates who wish to see the Yale-Harvard football game on Saturday has resulted in a renewal of the agitation for a monster concrete stadium or amphitheatre here. The Alumni Weekly is pushing the move. It is suggested that a graduate corporation be organized to back the proposal and to start a concrete stadium fund as soon as possible. An issue of bonds is contemplated. While the Yale stand at present seats only 32,000 there were approximately 60,000 applications for tickets.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch

NEW TO-DAY

NAME MEANS SOMETHING.

When A. E. Petersen built and named the "Modern" barber shop, he meant that it should stand for what it was called. No patron has missed a single feature of the modern tonorial parlor at that house; and every new device in the way of perfect comfort and service is constantly added as it develops. The latest is an expert bootblack, the best in the business; a qualification that makes his employment really modern.

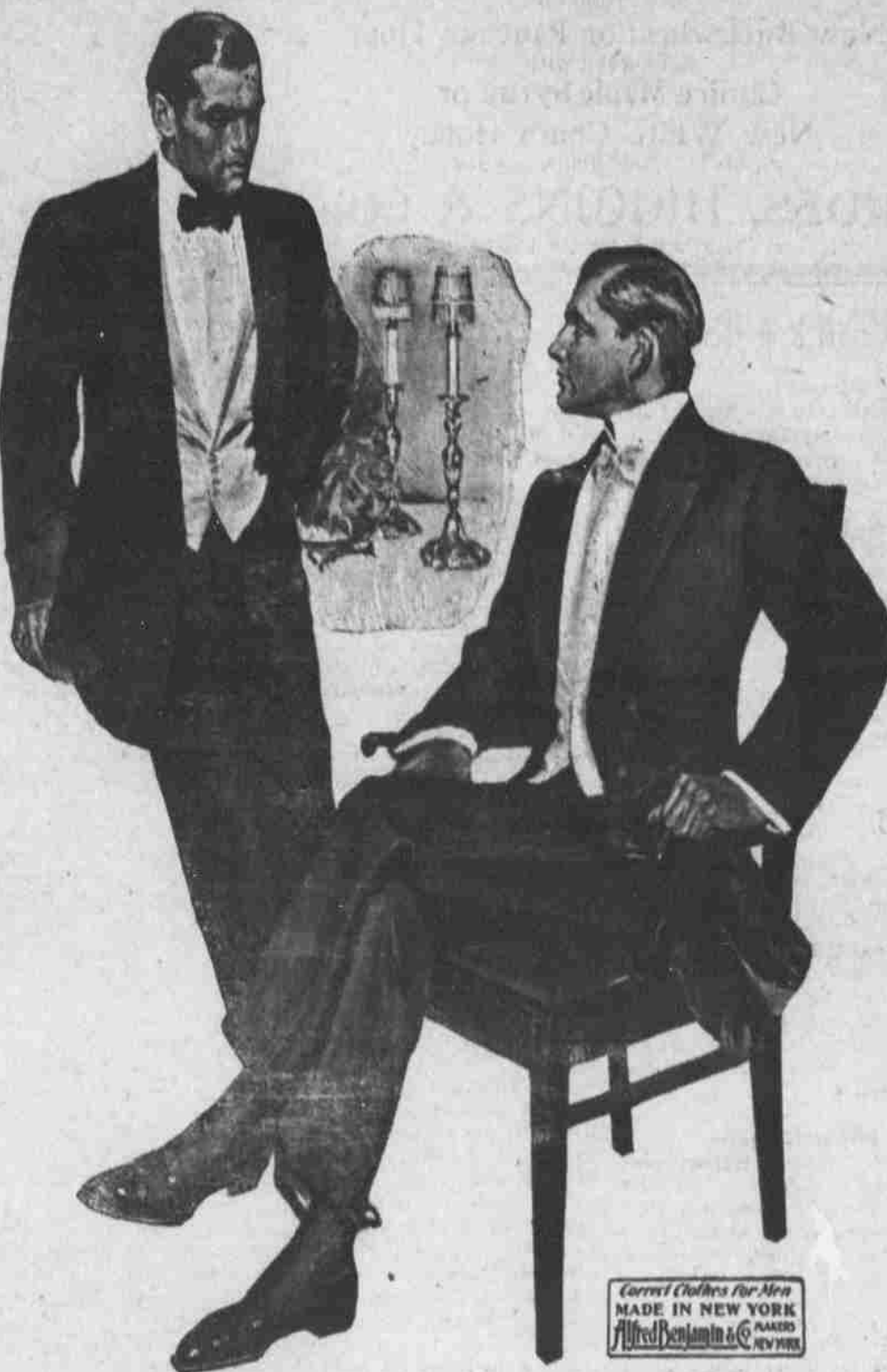
Subscribe to The Morning Astorian. Morning Astorian, 60 cents per month. 60 cents per month.

New Location.

Steele & Ewart wish to announce that they have moved their electrical fixtures and wiring business from 426 Bond street to 441 Commercial (next to Astorian office), where all business will be transacted in the future. Their new fixture show room will be of the latest design in every respect. See opening announcement later.

The Palace Restaurant.

An/phase of hunger can be daintily gratified at any hour of the day or night at the Palace Restaurant. The kitchen and dining room service are of the positive best. Private dining rooms for ladies. One call inspires regular custom. Try it. Commercial street, opposite Page building.



Correct Clothes for Men
MADE IN NEW YORK
Alfred Benjamin & Co. NEW YORK

Full Dress Talk!

The holidays with all their festivities will soon be here, the time when dress clothes are indispensable and no gentlemen can attend any of the many functions in our city without one.

Wear a BENJAMIN and you may be certain of one thing, that you have on exactly the same clothes that will be worn this season at the great balls, the opera, the plays, dinners, and dances in New York, the fashion center of the world for men's clothing. In other words, these BENJAMIN dress suits are correct in every detail. Of course you can go to some village tailor and get a full dress suit that will fit, but so will a union suit fit, but where is the style.

Our prices for full dress suits are from \$40 to \$75. Call and let us show you at our expense.

FINE FURNISHINGS FOR MEN

YOUNG'S HATS, MALLORY HATS, KEISER'S NECKWEAR, CLUETT'S SHIRTS AND COLLARS, GLOBE UNDERWEAR, DENT'S & FOWNE'S GLOVES, FINE HOSIERY FOR MEN, NETTLETON SHOES.

JUDD BROS., The Woolen Mill Store.

557 Commercial St., Astoria, Oregon.

DISCREDITS HIS SIRE.

Young Evans, of the Navy, in Deep Disgrace Ashore.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 19.—Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, retired, will arrive in Los Angeles, the latter part of March to make this city his future home. The famous naval officer was elected chairman of the board of directors of the Los Angeles Harbor Company at a meeting held yesterday and will be connected with railway building and harbor developing.

Admiral Evans is planning a lecture tour which will embrace all important cities. The last city on the program will be Los Angeles where he will deliver his lecture and then begin active work as a director of the Harbor Company.

According to an official of the company, the admiral's secretary in a communication to the directors yesterday informed them that Admiral Evans would report for duty when his lecture tour was completed.

Where Has Secured Derringer a Mystery

(Continued on page 6)

Henry himself under no circumstances to give it to the police and allow no one but the district attorney to have it."

MAGAZINE BINDING OF ALL kinds done at the Astorian Office.



The Morning Astorian contains full Associated Press reports, all the latest local happenings. Delivered by carrier, 60 cents per month.

The Clean Man.

The man who delights in personal cleanliness, and enjoys his shave, shampoo, haircut, and bath, in Astoria, always goes to the Occident barber shop for these things—and gets them at their best.

Try our own mixture of coffee—the J. P. B. Fresh fruit and vegetables. Badollet & Co., grocers. Phone Main

WHEN TURKEY IS KING

on Thanksgiving day that is the time that the pleasures of home and the enjoyment of the family circle will be missed if you are without a home of your own. "Homeless" is a sad word during the holiday season to those who are in that plight. You can buy a nice home or building lot on easy terms by consulting A. R. Cyrus, and you will have something to give thanks for. 424 Commercial street, Astoria.